FREE SOCIETY

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

An Exponent of Anarchist-Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Liberty; that in the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism is an Inevitable Consequence.

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ANGIOLILLO.

We are the souls that crept and cried, in the days when they tortured men;
His was the spirit that walked erect, and met the beast in its den.

Ours are the eyes that were dim with tears for the thing they shrunk to see:
His was the glance that was crystal keen with the light that makes men free.

Ours are the hands that were wrung in pain, in helpless pain and shame:
His was the resolute hand that struck, steady and clean to its aim.

Ours are the lips that quivered with rage, that cursed and prayed in a breath:
His was the mouth that opened but once, to speak from the throat of Death.

"Assassin, Assassin!" the World cries out, with a shake of its dotard head;
"Germinal," rings back the Grave, where lies the Dead that is not dead.

"Germinal, germinal," sings the Wind, that is driving before the Storm;
"Few are the drops that have fallen yet—scattered, but red and warm."

"Germinal, germinal," sing the Fields, where furrows of men are plowed;
"Ye shall gather a harvest over-rich, when the ear at the fall is bowed."

Springing, springing, at every breath, the Word of invincible strife,
The Word of the Dead that is calling loud down the battle ranks of Life.

For these are the Dead that live, though the earth upon them lie.
But the doers of deeds of the Night of the dead, they are the live that die.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

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MODERN HEROES.

Among the not yet obsolete superstitions, is the notion that men whose trade is murder are in some way more entitled to the meed of heroism than their fellow-citizens. It is as much as the subscription list of any daily paper is worth, to tell the plain truth with regard to the uniformed ruffians who are the object of more sickly sentimentalism than any other class of human beings. It is time that somebody faced a misguided popular prejudice, with the actual facts, not as concerns an occasional exception, but as to the average American soldier. And these facts are in no wise creditable to the intelligence of the unthinking thousands, who have wept maudlin tears and yelled their silly throats hoarse, over the return of men whose hands were red with the blood of their fellows.

"What sort of men are the soldiers as a class?" Not wishing to do injustice, even in my thoughts, I put this question to a refined and intelligent young man who had been a member of the hospital service in Cuba, throughout the Spanish War. Quickly and emphatically came the answer: "They are brutes!"

Strip away the glamor, which prevents the reality from being seen. Learn, foolish men and women of America, what your "heroes" really are. Try to understand that brute courage is not the prime essential of manliness; and that there is no fundamental distinction between a Teddy Roosevelt and a Jesse James. Admit that a blue uniform cannot give a drunken bum the slightest additional claim to your respect.

Do you want evidence? Read the daily news from wherever war is going on; and remember that it is all colored in favor of the soldier, and that the most damning facts are suppressed. But enough leaks out to justify the most grave indictment. They are thieves of the baser sort. A very carnival of plunder prevails in China. The last transport which reached the United States brought 154 cases of goods foully stolen from houses and temples. This is but a single item. They are heartless savages, who lust for blood. Fact after fact from the Philippine Islands confirms this. The exultation with which they gloat over the murder of the defenceless; massacring the wounded by wholesale, so that the official reports show a mere handful of the enemy alive and wounded, and a multitude killed; destroying a whole village, and killing 89 persons in cold blood, to revenge the death of one soldier; shooting, with wanton barbarity, into the midst of a bridal party, and killing women and unarmed men; these, and a thousand similar deeds of valor, illustrate the true nature of the American soldier. In Porto Rico, peace was declared before any fighting took place; and officers and men united in cursing the haste of the messenger, who brought the unwelcome tidings that they were not to indulge themselves in the congenial task of slaughtering their fellow-men. How much lower could human nature sink? Yet these are the "heroes," whom the daily press holds up for our admiration, and whom crowds of fools assemble to cheer and to slobber over, when they start out on their worse than brutish career, or return with their hands stained with crime.

What is their character otherwise? Let the facts from Manila answer. Of one hundred thousand soldiers, ten thousand have been treated in the hospitals for syphilis, and thousands more by private physicians, to say nothing of the many thousands whose health has been ruined by drunkenness and debauchery. Of course, the number who break down does not begin to represent the number for whose sake Manila has been crowded with saloons and houses of prostitution, that the refined tastes of the American "heroes" may be bountifully catered to.

We need not, however, go to Manila. Look at San Francisco, or any other city in which large bodies of troops are stationed. Where are the bulk of them to be found, when not actually forced to be on duty? Everybody knows that the place to look for the soldiers is in the slums, among the lower class of saloon dives and brothels, where only the most degraded types of humanity congregate. Like seeks like. Read the daily press of such cities. While most of the crimes of soldiers are covered up, by a judicious application of "influence," almost every day records some case of "heroic" riot, assault, burglary, or other crime, to say nothing of the bestial orgies always in progress. These be thy heroes, O American people!

Not every individual soldier is to be comprehended in these sweeping accusations. Human nature is a strange and complex thing. Here and there will be found one who, betrayed by false sentiment into enlisting, honestly believes that the trade of murder is essential to the preservation of his country. Otherwise, he may be both sober and well-behaved. But the average soldier, who slays his fellows for hire, is a corrupt ruffian, whose one ideal is the bravery of a wild beast. Courage is a quality not to be despised; but it is a false and inhuman code by which the valor of a desperado is made to atone for the lack of every other virtue, and to entitle him to honor above those who excel him in all qualities of true manhood.

The foregoing characterization of the American soldier cannot be deemed unjust, because it is abundantly verified by unimpeachable evidence. But to many it will seem unduly harsh and bitter. Hence, another word must be said. It is certain that the majority of these "boys" were not, at the outset, more brutal than other men. But military service is in its very nature bound to corrupt and poison the best disposition. They are taught to lie, to steal, and to murder. Humanity is at a discount; and decency is regarded as effeminate. It is the government you idolize, which thus destroys the characters of your boys, and degrades them below the brute level. How do you like your own work?

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

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AMITY.

As man's habits of reserve and exclusion become more and more broken, and the supreme importance of wide-spread good-fellowship becomes more and more clearly recognized, the spirit of affection among men will, in all probability, begin to develop more happily. Indeed, as man becomes a more perfect master of his fate, and a more efficient guide of his emotions, it is not unlikely that many friendships will thrive between many men. It is not improbable that, in time to come, the germs of affinity, which exist between individuals, may very aptly be compared with the seeds of the potato, bean, pansy, and rose, which all good gardeners cultivate. And, just as the gardener assists germination, considerately nurtures the plants, and properly protects them from rough weather, so may men eventually learn to nourish and cherish the affinities, which exist between one another, wisely and heedfully. And, of course, just as the gardener may at times, derive more satisfaction from inhaling the fragrance of the rose than from eating the potato, though ever materially interested in the development of all his products, so may a man, on different occasions, prefer this or that comrade to another, although ever vitally interested in the prosperity of all his personal intimacies.

WALTER LEIGHTON.

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STILL ALIVE.

Have Brukk and White erected a monument over the crazy philosopher's idea of love? Its author, Nietzsche, died last week; but love survives.

Words are poor things to convey our thoughts and desires, as Brukk proves when she says "discipline is good." "Subjection to rule, obedience." Did she mean that? In a measure, we are all subjects—especially of love. If she will read the "Marble Farm," by that analyst of human passions, Hawthorne, she will know love is eternal.

Get her? Why, she got herself when she called love slavery. It shows that she knows of a power beyond her egoistic self. That power makes us something more than beasts; attunes our emotions to the vibrations of harmony and truth. My girl, you cannot escape your savior—love. What other reason has your pet theory, Anarchy?

"Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle;—
Why not I with thine?"

Get away from "Love's Philosophy" by the poet of Anarchy, Shelley, if you can, sister.

E. J. P.

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Literature.

The Evolution of Modesty. By Jonathan Mayo Crane. Chicago, Ill., Moses Harman. Price 5 cents. For sale by Free Society.

This little booklet will be read with keen enjoyment by all who take it up. It contains a vast amount of interesting information, packed into a small space. The only fault is lack of sufficiently careful proof-reading, which somewhat mars the typographical appearance.

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Anarchy.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal: absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

NOTES.

If you are among those who receive a sample copy of this issue of Free Society, please look on it as an invitation to subscribe. You have heard much about Anarchism from its enemies. Surely fifty cents is a small sum to pay, in order to learn what can be said in behalf of a theory which attracts so much public attention. We may not be able to convince you that we are right; but we can show you that we are not the murderous and insane rioters that we are often considered. Anarchy simply means complete liberty, that is, the voluntary association of men and women for social, economic, and all other purposes that seem good to them. It would do away with governments, compulsory taxes, wars, armies, navies, policemen, jails, lawyers, tariffs, and all other signs of force, and of the rule of man by man. It would set free the land and all natural resources, and remove the fear of starvation from every human being. It would leave every man or woman free in religious belief and in private life, insisting only that each respect the freedom of the others. We think that the belief in the necessity of a government or a boss is one of the baseless superstitions of the past, and will vanish, with increasing intelligence. Does this seem incredible to you? All we ask is that you be fair-minded enough to give some attention to our side of the question, and then judge for yourself. Of course, you will have many objections at first; and we will be glad to have you write some of them to us. If you would like a fairly comprehensive view of the subject, to start with, send us ten cents for Malatesta's "Anarchy," or twenty-five cents for Jean Grave's "Moribund Society and Anarchy." These will give you a general conception of the Anarchist philosophy; while Free Society will fill in the details, with its discussions of various phases of the social question, and its comments on public events from an Anarchist standpoint. Try us; and see if you do not learn something. At any rate, you will lose nothing, and will gain a clearer knowledge of what these terrible Anarchists really are, and what they believe.

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The Anarchist who votes for Bryan or Debs votes a slave's collar about his own neck.

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Subscriptions to the Library are coming in very slowly. The expense of publishing such a book as intended is too great to be undertaken, without having enough money on hand to avoid incurring a heavy debt. Advance subscriptions are earnestly desired. Remember, the book is Jean Grave's latest, and is full of meat. It deals largely with practical questions; refutes State Socialism; explains with unanswerable logic the Anarchist ground for abstaining from voting and political action; and discusses thoroughly the whole matter of tactics. The price is twenty-five cents. Send orders now. We must have money, in order to begin work.

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CURRENT NEWS.

The charity of the wealthy philanthropists of today is rarely free from an ulterior motive. When they endow an educational institution, it is for the teaching of doctrines designed to perpetuate bourgeois and plutocratic rule. A striking example is the Hirsch school in New York, where Jewish children are taught a blind and unreasoning patriotism, as a condition to receiving any education at all. Every morning, they are compelled to go through the following form of lip worship to the American flag:

Flag of our great republic, inspirer in battle, guardian of our homes, whose stars and stripes stand for bravery, purity, truth and union, we salute thee. We, the children of distant lands, who find rest under thy folds, do pledge our lives, our hearts and our sacred honor to protect thee, our country, and the liberty of the American people, forever.

Great pains are taken to inculcate in these infant minds the admiration for the cruel barbarism of militarism, and for the servile and infamous maxim: "My country, right or wrong." Says the Times Union, in describing the school:

The soldier, the patriot and the good citizen are held up to them as the highest possible ideals, and the American government as the most perfect under the sun.

It is a good scheme, to try to prevent them from ever learning to do their own thinking; but they may learn something in after life. People cannot always be taught to love exploitation and robbery, by being told that it is their duty to do so.

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Rough Rider Teddy got a taste in Colorado of "the strenuous life," which he is so fond of advocating. He was attacked by a Democratic mob, irritated, it is said, by a ruffian in his own party, who brutally snatched a Bryan banner from a woman. Teddy's characteristically elegant and refined comment on the whole proceeding was summed up in the word "Bully." By the way, the hoodlums engaged in this fracas were all Democrats and Republicans. If an Anarchist crowd had behaved in such a fashion, half the newspapers in the country would be yelling for the heads of all the Anarchists that could be rounded up. It does make a difference who it is that defies "law and order." A "good citizen" can commit with impunity acts for which an Anarchist would be punished with the utmost severity. We are fortunate, in living in a country, where "all men are equal before the law."

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The "pacified" Filipinos are resisting American aggression more vigorously than ever. No matter what the odds, it is never an easy matter to subdue permanently a people eager for liberty.

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The Illinois Steel Company, with plenty of orders on hand, has shut down until after election, in order to starve its hundreds of employes into voting for McKinley. This sort of thing is being done all over the country. All these mills will reopen in November, no matter who is elected; but the men who do not vote as their masters wish, will find themselves out of a job. This is what a "freeman's ballot" means in this country. And to think of the millions who still take the farce for earnest!

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The Mansfield, Ohio, ruffians are still demonstrating their conception of religious liberty; and the forces of "law and order" make no attempt to protect the victims of their dastardly outrages. Their latest exploit was to strip and varnish the bodies of two men, who were foolish enough to imagine that this was a free country, where they had a right to believe and teach such doctrines as appeared to them to be true.

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The owners of the gold mines in Cripple Creek, Col., have decided to place their wage-slaves on a level with the Kaffirs in South Africa, by forcing them to strip naked every day, and subject themselves to a humiliating examination, for fear a few grains of auriferous sand may be carried away. Considering that every dollar of profit extracted from the mines by the monopolists in possession is absolute and unmitigated robbery, one would suppose they might spare this crowning insult to the men whom they delight in exploiting. But capitalism knows no forbearance, where the least portion of its loot is at stake.

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The coal miners' strike is reported to be practically settled, on the basis of a ten per cent advance in wages. This paltry concession is made by order of Mark Hanna, in order that the miners may be duped once more into abandoning their rights. The men must be pacified until after election. The Weekly People, organ of the Socialist Labor Party, charges President Mitchell and other officers of the United Mine Workers with being simply corrupt tools of Mark Hanna; and their apparently prompt acceptance of the perfidious compromise lends grave color to the accusation. It is clear enough that after election, the ten per cent increase will be withdrawn, or made up for by an increase of prices of the necessities of life, which miners are forced to purchase in the company stores. Meantime, the men who have shown any independence, or have been active in the strike, will be quietly discharged, and their places filled with more submissive slaves. The mine owners have taken good care to refuse recognition of the union, in their propositions for settlement. It is still uncertain whether the sell-out will be consummated.

It has been discovered that 20,000,000 francs have been stolen from the public treasury of Servia, by ex-King Milan and his ministers. It is possible that his majesty was trying to qualify himself to become an American politician.

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DISCORDS.

Misrepresentations of Anarchism continue without cessation. Augustus Forel, an Italian expert on insanity, bungles the matter quite as badly as did Lombroso, in his screed of a few years ago. Forel assumes that all Anarchists are mad, and decides that their literature should be suppressed. This man claims to be a psychologist; yet he cannot see that to leave in existence the causes from which men suffer, and of which Anarchists complain, and to strive to put down their propaganda with a strong hand, would be the very means to provoke resistance, and to arouse the very violence of which he complains. Forel looks on government as a sacred fetich, to be upheld, whether right or wrong, at no matter what cost to human rights. He may be an authority on certain phases of mental hallucination; but he is strangely blind to the legit mate conclusions of biology.

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No person in the civilized world, who reads of the touching funeral ceremonies over the body of Italy's murdered king, can fail to be impressed by the fact that Anarchy is a very small sentiment after all, and that it makes a noise out of all proportion to its size. There is no hope for the Anarchists in the universal mourning for the dead ruler; and the unanimity with which the peoples of the world protested against the stupid crime is a greater blow to Anarchy than any of its paltry and mean successes can compensate for.—National Advance.

This editor has not even the poor excuse of ignorance. In his zeal to join the sycophants who mourn for a parasite, and are callous to the sufferings of the workers, he is guilty of false logic and gross slander. The "universal mourning," to which he refers, exists only in his own imagination. When any ruler dies, whether from natural causes or by violence, a perfunctory wail goes up from the herd of court flatterers and the servile mob that follows in their train. All thinking men, however, know that a king is a wretched anachronism, although they may disapprove emphatically of assassination. Tyrannicide, whether criminal or heroic, is not the aim of the Anarchist propaganda, but the act of an individual. Some Anarchists applaud, and some condemn it; but the aim of the Anarchist propaganda is in no wise affected by it. As to the strength of Anarchist sentiment, the number of people who see no use in king-killing is no criterion; since many of these are Anarchists, but believe in other tactics. The Anarchist movement is stronger, rather than weaker, than appears on the surface, and is steadily growing. Even were the case otherwise, numbers form no test of truth.

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If the world were a hundredth part as sensitive to the sufferings of the very poor as they are to the murder of a king, the causes that produce Anarchists would be recognized and removed.—Light of Truth.

This deliverance, which by the way is taken bodily from the Philadelphia North American without credit, [see Free Society, Sept. 2,] illustrates a common misapprehension. It takes for granted that Anarchists are simply the offspring of suffering and discontent. This is not the case. We are Anarchists, because we believe Anarchy to represent a superior social ideal. It was not the faults of the stage coach, but the virtues of the locomotive, which caused the latter to supersede the former. We do indeed cite the terrible social evils of today as illustrating our contention that the present system is unsatisfactory and impermanent; but no man understands Anarchy, who does not realize that our philosophy rests primarily on a positive basis.

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Ella Wheeler Wilcox accuses a correspondent of jumping "to conclusions with a woman's usual illogical dexterity." Unhappily her own article on marriage is a pronounced illustration of the same tendency. Says she: "The unhappy marriages of society cry aloud to the world—the happy ones go their way silently."

Assuredly, she knows better than this; or she knows little of the inner life of the average family. She knows little of the millions of women, to say nothing of men, who wear a smiling face before the world, while the real life is one of unspeakable anguish. The "skeleton in the closet" is not kept on public exhibition. Cowardice, fear of public scandal, desire to appear "respectable" to the world, dread of the eco-

nomic struggle, belief that a submissive endurance to marital infelicity and often marital outrage is "the will of God,"—these are some of the influences which cause nine-tenths of the unhappily married to conceal their sufferings from the world. And the superficial observer, seeing only the smirk of apparent happiness, put on to deceive even the nearest acquaintances and friends, will select as types of ideal married bliss the very men and women to whom the yoke has become most galling. The divorce court does not represent a tithe of the unhappy married lives of today. It only includes the absolutely great, but relatively small number of the sufferers who are so tortured beyond endurance, that they are goaded to endure the shame and horror of publicity.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is cautious, in handling the sex question. She does not denounce free love as immoral, but thinks it will not work ideally, until we have ideal people. Granted; our contention is simply that liberty will prove more effective than bondage in making men and women *more* ideal. At heart, I think she believes this, however she feels obliged to cater to the conventional morality of the readers of the Examiner.

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AN ANARCHIST ABROAD.

II.

Hamburg is a city of about 800,000 inhabitants. It is considered the most important commercial centre on the continent. It is all rush and bustle here. In some quarters, namely, the old ones, the houses are of a dirty black color and in a most dilapidated condition. A black, muddy canal runs through the centre of the city, and serves for the immense traffic of the numerous markets. It is always full of steamers, sail and row boats busily engaged in the shipping of big loads of corn, fruit and other merchandise from and to the city. This canal seems to loom up with its inky shadow, like the dreadful ghost haunting you all over.

Still, Hamburg is worth while seeing, with its massive buildings, the splendid artificially dug basin in the very heart of the town, the beautiful Rathhaus, etc.

The Eppendorf Krankenhaus, right near the city, is one of the biggest, if not the biggest in the world. It occupies many streets, is surrounded by an immense park, and is composed of ninety separate buildings or pavillions. All systems and methods of treatment are experimented with; all sorts of operations are going on here. Here you find patients who are spending whole months in their baths, eating and sleeping in them, and only going out in the morning when the water is changed. Numerous are the patients that are carried out with their beds into the park, to enjoy the rich aroma of the rare flowers and blossoming trees. Here you can see people treated by electric and sun baths, by massage, by the latest apparatus for stretching legs, arms, spines, fingers and joints. The laboratories, anatomical museums and pathological rooms are really wonderful. Dissections and autopsies are going on continually. They have their morgue, hearses, chapel and all the other things "necessary" to complete their operative proceedings.

From Hamburg, I betook myself to Berlin,—a distance of 178 miles. I find that the trains in Germany are also divided into classes, just like the steamships. In the first class you meet the lords, and the rich aristocracy. In the second the less rich bourgeoisie; in the third, professionals and skilled artisans; and the fourth is for the poor emigrants, workingmen and soldiers. No democracy in such arrangements, to be sure. The Junkerthum is ruling supreme in this country of lager and Munchener. Wherever you go you meet with the Schutzmann and the officer. Every blessed day—other parades. The people are not even allowed to get near the streets where the parade passes; squadrons of mounted and foot policemen lock up the neighboring thoroughfares. The uniforms of even private soldiers are elegantly ornamented, and the populace takes the deepest interest in every button, in every ribbon of the officer's coat. The people actually worship the army; they take off their hats to the higher ranks and envy their happy lot more than that of the millionaire or the genius.

You hear of nothing else now, but of the war in China. About fifteen thousand new recruits are about to leave for that country; and they are recognized by their special uniforms. They are highly revered, and pampered by the men, and especially the women, of this glorious country of philosophers, sauerkraut, lager beer and,—I was going to say,—Social Democrats. But then the latter seem to be very conspicuous by their absence; you don't meet with them anywhere, outside of their special "Kneipen."

I am asking myself very often, where, in the name of the devil, do these braggarts make their influence felt among the people of this country? Why do they have so many voters on paper, and so few Socialists in the streets, in the theatres and the other public places? There is no other spirit predominating here besides the spirit of the Kaiser, the spirit of the Junker. In many public places, collections are being made for a fund for defraying the expenses of the war in China; it seems that the high revenues do not suffice; and charity for the noble purpose of murdering lots of Chinamen is resorted to. And the millions (?) of Social Democrats, where are they? Well, either they are not here at all; or, if they are, they simply do not dare to show themselves and to speak out, letting their repreesentatives in the Reichstag do the talking for them too.

The emperor's picture is everywhere. He and the army are truly the pride of the German nation. He keeps on building new palaces and forts and barracks. Just now they are erecting a series of marble statues, representing the ancestors of the Kaiser as far back as the eleventh century. Crowds are admiring the really splendid sculptures in the Siegesallee alongside the park; and thus the Junkers understand how to make the nation think and talk of nothing else but of militarism and Kaiserthum. The children are all looking forward to the happy time, when they will be allowed to don the handsome uniform, and be as lionized by the crowds as their fortunate brothers are already.

I had to laugh, when I came to Hamburg and Berlin, to see how every adult male is trying to grow his mustache a la Wilhelm. You meet, for example, a dwarfy bit of humanity, with an averted or humpbacked nose, working away like a beaver on the few hairs of his upper lip, and trying in vain to make them meet the outer corners of his eyes at a right angle. The women, I hear, are actually in love with the Kaiser Wilhelm mustache, and all kinds of brushes, pomades, fluids and curlers are bought with avidity, as long as they are advertised to give the proper twist.

People here seem to take life easier than in our country. They will sit away for hours at their Pilsener or Munchener and forget all their troubles. They seem to be an open-faced, kind-hearted and upright people. Berlin is a beautiful city, in deed, full of luxury and splendor. It abounds in lovely women, whom one rarely meets with in Hamburg or New York.

I was very much surprised to notice almost all the faces of the professors and doctors covered with big scars, which, as I learned subsequently, are caused by their frequent sabre fights when in the university. A student who has not at least one scar on the face is no man at all, and is digraced as a dishonorable coward. What barbarous ethics these Junkers still adhere to!

There is no end of Bier Hallen, Stuben, Quellen, Tunellen, Kellerен, Ausschanken, Wirthechaften, and the like, in the German cities.

But enough for the present. I shall write you again later. I intend to go from here to Dresden, Leipsic, Vienna, and then to Paris. Greetings.

Berlin, September 3, 1900. M. A. Cohn.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Watch the Man on Horseback!

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Corruption money will be plentiful from now until November; and it is proposed to use the names of honest men as stool pigeons, in order that a few thievish politicians may fill their pockets.

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The United States of America as a nation has fully entered upon its downward career of Imperialism. In my opinion nothing can stop that career, or its final termination in absolute despotism, except the Social Revolution; and the Revolution seems a long way off.

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The Appeal to Reason has been telling its readers how much of the suffering caused by the Galveston flood might have been averted under a Socialistic State. But the Appeal to Reason entirely misses the vital point. It supposes the present city of Galveston to exist under Socialism; while the fact is that the building of a large commercial center in such an exposed place is purely the result of our criminal commercial system. Under conditions of Freedom, no city situated as Galveston is would be tolerated.

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Prosperity, forsooth! And all this cheap clap-trap talk in face of the fact that the price of living has advanced from 25 to 40 per cent; while wages, even in the most favored districts, have barely advanced 10 per cent. And now we are confronted with the most gigantic strike of modern times, with possibilities which no man can estimate, and the publication of gruesome facts concerning the starving and oppressed American citizens in the anthracite coal regions. And yet the impudent campaign orators have the cheek to congratulate the people upon their "unexampled prosperity."

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Whenever I hear a man calling himself a radical thinker, condemning Luccheni and Bresci, and denouncing their deeds, I feel like asking him questions something like the following: Have you with equal vehemence and persistency denounced the cruelties of the Austrian and Italian governments? Have you taken to heart the wrongs of the persecuted Anarchists and Socialists, who have suffered imprisonment and torture in Austrian dungeons merely for convictions which you profess? Have you cried out against these barbarities? Have you made any protest against the massacre, by the imperial troops, of the common people in Milan and other places in Italy, whose sufferings impelled them to revolt? Have you protested against the excessive taxation of the poor of Italy, and the equally excessive extravagance of the titled aristocrats? If you have not lifted up your voice in earnest protest against these iniquities, what right have you to denounce the deeds of Luccheni or Bresci? My friend, postpone denunciation until you have earned the right to criticise.

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The campaign of calumny and hate is now on, and the respective candidates, who are stirring up the country to party strife, vie with each other in bitterness and denunciation. Hanna at Chicago calls Bryan a hypocrite; Roosevelt (the terrible Man on Horseback), in the northwest, characterizes the Democrats as traitors and renegades; while both are vehement in their declarations that the election of Bryan would result in national disaster and commercial ruin. Meantime Bryan is kept pretty busy replying to his political opponents, in exposing the rotten Republican administration, and in declaring and defending his own proposed policy, if he happens to be elected. At present the Republican bosses are merely predicting dire results, should Bryan be elected; but watch them close. Very soon these prophecies will assume a darker and more threatening aspect; then will come open threats and attempted intimidation. They declare that if Bryan is elected, the present "unexampled prosperity" (!) of the country will give way to financial disaster, or to use Mark Hanna's own words: "Any reversal of the policy of the government would bring about a change in commercial interest, which would dwarf the awful storm at Galveston." A significant declaration, this, and doubly so when the source is considered. In fact it amounts to a threat; and the man who uttered it knows full well the value of his words. The strange thing about it is that this illy-concealed threat is probably true; for whether the people of this country like it or not, the fact remains that the money interests here have it in their power to plunge the nation into a financial panic; those interests are mainly in the Republican party, and the leaders have determined that, at whatever cost, Bryan must be defeated. For this purpose money will stream like water; and everything human that is purchasable will be bought. The leaders of this gigantic machine are by no means "mentally bankrupt," as some of the Socialist speakers are fond of declaring them to be; and everything that brains and money can do will be done to extend the power of Imperialism.

Thus the farce of "government by the people" goes merrily on for the present; while the chances are that before many months, it is liable to develop into a stupendous tragedy. Wm. Holmes.

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For Boston, Mass.

A mass meeting will be held in Caledonian Hall, 45 Eliot St., Sunday, October 14, at 7:30 P. M., under the auspices of the Anarchist Group. Comrade S. Janowsky of New York, editor of the Freie Arbeiter Stimme, will speak on "The Growth of Socialism and Anarchism." Admission, 10 cents, to cover expenses.

Beginning October 21, the Boston comrades will conduct their second annual series of weekly lectures at 45 Eliot St., every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. A printed program will soon be issued. All who are able and willing to speak are invited to make themselves known to the comrades. The present secretary of the Group is Comrade D. Mikol, 20 Isabella St. Sunday, October 21, the lecturer will be Charles E. Bakstron, and his subject "Philosophical Anarchy." Free discussion will follow; and all are invited to be present.

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ANARCHY VS. ASSASSINATION.

In Free Society, September 2, Comrade A. I. takes me to task. He says:

In his zeal to defend the Anarchist cause, Comrade Orcutt is rather presumptuous and unjust toward our comrades in New Jersey, simply because he does not agree with Bresci's deed. That "little band of Italians down in New Jersey that *call* themselves Anarchists" are ar ent workers in the Anarchist propaganda, and deserve no reproach. . . . Comrade Orcutt has no evidence that the New Jersey comrades knew anything about Bresci's intentions; nor has he proven that it is a crime to assassinate a king.

You will see, if you read my article carefully, that my effort was to show the impropriety of the expression "Anarchist assassin," as used by the public press, and especially by the editor of the Herald, who is a Socialist. It is true, I spoke carelessly of that "little band of Italians down in New Jersey." According to all the information I then could obtain, which was from the New York dailies, (1) they were a little colony formed for the sole purpose of planning and administering vengeance upon the Italian government; and according to such information, I could not understand that they were Anarchists. Even then I did not speak of them reproachfully. I simply mentioned them incidentally. But if, as I have been informed since, they are Anarchists, and not plotters, I offer them an apology and extend to them the right hand of fellowship.

It is said a wise man may deceive himself; a good man may deceive others. The conscience may slumber in a state between self-illusion and voluntary evil. Charity may justify the motives of an assassin as those of pure benevolence; but the motive of an assassin is the motive of government, not of Anarchy. The injustice of government may transfer a citizen into a demon, a slayer of his kind; but Anarchy is not force. In the support of truth and justice, acts of violence may be deemed less crimi al; but the foulness of the means is not satiefied by the importance and justice of the end. We cannot do violence to nature and still defend Anarchism; for Anarchy is obedience to nature. (2)

It is possible Comrade A. I., in his zeal to defend our comrades in New Jersy, has done an injustice to the cause—unwittingly, as in the case against me, I may have done our comrades injustice. If it is necessary for Anarchists to prove it a crime to assassinate a tyrant, it is also necessary for them to prove that it is a crime for a tyrant to shoot his subjects; for in both cases it is an act of government—force—the devil take the hindmost! If Anarchy is not better than government, how can we defend Anarchy and condemn government? (3)

A. I. says: "I claim Bresci was perfectly justified in assassinating King Humbert, acting simply in self-defence," etc. But that is not, in my opinion, Anarchism; that is governmentism. (4) No matter what King Humbert "never hesitated to do." I was defending Anarchy against the false accusation of the press, and I say, notwithstanding what individual Anarchists may say or do, assassination is not the deed of an Anarchist. It is not Anarchy that does that; it is government, the direct opposite of Anarchy. (5) I am arguing what Anarchy is: something purer and holier than government, that has contaminated society and made demons of human kind; something that mankind has not yet attained, but which Anarchists are reaching after. During the time intervening, we are more or less influenced by existing conditions; but these are not the conditions of Anarchy. Anarchists cannot defend war, assassination, murder, and all the foul deeds of government; for then is our preaching vain; then is victory perched on the banners of the mighty in power; and Anarchy is guilty of the crimes charged against it, the same as government; then, like the hypocritical church, Anarchy teaches one thing and practises another. Anarchists know and teach that permanent measures of social regeneration can only be accomplished by a peaceful propaganda that will prepare the people, mentally and morally, for the change. (6) I insist that Anarchy should be judged by its best teachings and not by its worst representatives. The great city dailies, and the meanest country papers, chose the worst element in human nature as a representation of Anarchy—I deny the charge. I speak for the coming time, when Anarchists will be inspired to work better than we work now; because we shall work in harmony with the divine motives of honor and love.

Comrade A. I. says: "I deny emphatically, that Bresci's deed has anything to do with Anarchist principles." And so do I; that is just what I have been trying to say all along, namely: Anarchy is not guity of the crime it is accused of. (7)

Again he says: "But admitting, for the sake of argument, that Bresci's deed was not in accord with our principles, will Comrade Orcutt claim that all his actions are consistent with Anarchist principles?" No, I will not; but I say that in so far as my actions are not consistent, I fall short of being a true Anarchist; and I say that, as *assassination is a violation of the fundamental principle of Anarchy, the assassin cannot be an Anarchist.* (8) A. A. ORCUTT.

COMMENT.

1.—It is rather frivolous, to say the least, to rely upon the daily press, when the condemnation of our comrades is in question.

2.—Anarchy, then, does not mean obedience to kings and other rulers? Consequently, if these tyrants force their authority upon us, we have a right to resist, in order to be "obedient to nature." Or will Comrade Orcutt demonstrate that violent resistance against tyranny means violating nature? If Anarchist philosophy includes the right of self-defence, then I am justified in resisting all impositions—mental and physical injury, and it is, therefore, evident that the motive of the resistant must be quite different from that of the impostor—government. By the way, the bees occasionally exterminate their drones; are they violating nature?

3.—If it is necessary to prove that the assassination of a tyrant—a vampire in human form—is "criminal," then it is no less so to kill a poisonous snake, a mad dog, or other dangerous animals; for there is no wild beast so pernicious to society as a tyrant, invested with the power to exploit and rule a nation. And it is *not* in "both cases an act of government." The king kills and robs in order to retain his idle position, to revel in luxury, at the expense of the producers, and is not concerned how much his subjects suffer in consequence; while the "Anarchist assassin" never commits a violent deed, unless he has been robbed and deprived of the means of livelihood, haunted from one place to another on account of his views, free speech denied, or his feelings constantly hurt by suffering humanity, caused by government. And he claims nothing for himself which he does not claim for his fellow-men—even the king, i. e. bread and freedom.

4.—It is new to me that the right of self-defence is confined to "governmentism." I am inclined to think that Comrade Orcutt believes that there is no effect without a cause; and as long as there is a cause to kill, so long will people be killed. People do not kill each other for the fun of it.

5.—Of course it is not Anarchy, but government, that creates force and violence. And as long as governments deny the Anarchists a peaceable propaganda, some will strike back—and kill.

6.—Anarchists do not defend war and murder, except the war is fought in defence of liberty. Supposing an Anarchist is attacked by a robber on the highway, and kills the invader in the struggle, would that make him a criminal?

7.—Correct; neither Anarchy nor the Anarchist Bresci were guilty of the assassination. Government alone is the responsible factor.

8.—Bresci may not have been a wise Anarchist, from Comrade Orcutt's point of view; but perhaps a much better, a more good-hearted one than either of us. We heard of the massacres in Italy, perpetrated upon people who asked for nothing but a piece of bread, and remained either indifferent or confined our protestations to the pen; while Bresci left his wife and child, gave up his own life, to free Italy from such a monster, who had the heartlessness to massacre starving men, women and children.

A. I.

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